Loyola NEWS
Monday, April 6, 1970

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
Serials Department
APR 6 1970
Loyola University
Montreal

AGAPE



16

I.D. CARDS

"Students should remember that they myst have their official Loyola Polaroid colour I.D. card to take all final exams. A duplicate for a lost I.D. costs $5.00. However, a limited time bargain offer will be in effect from now until Monday, April 13 of only $3.00 if you come to the Student Services Department office, Room A-135. **After April 13,** the fee will again become $5.00"

AGAPE

Editor: Angus Mackay

Associate Editor: David Magil

Contributors: Film; RobertMartin

Drama; Pat Crawshaw

Inspiration, Lay-out & Way-out; Sebastian

Ineptitude, Trouble-Shooter & Six-Shooter; Body Shea.

The Following Pages have been paid for in full by Tout Noix.

Whoever leads a solitary life and yet now and then wants to attach himself somewhere, whoever, according to changes in the time of day, the weather, the state of his business and the like, suddenly wishes to see any arm at all to which he might cling - he will not be able to manage for long without a window looking on to the street. And if he is in the mood of not desiring anything and only goes to his window sill as a tired man, with eyes turning from his public to heaven and back again, not wanting to look out and having thrown his head up a little, even then the horses below will draw him down into their train of wagons and tumult, and so at last into the human harmony.

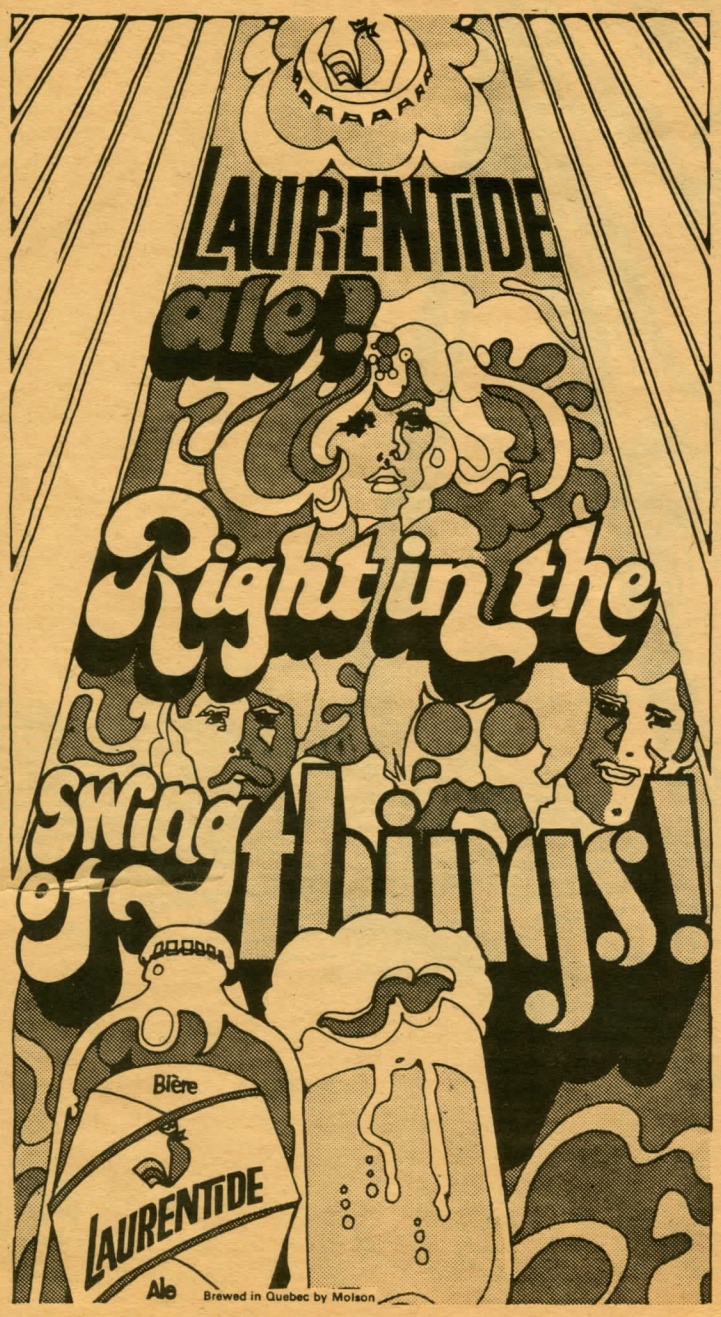
Somerled Billiards

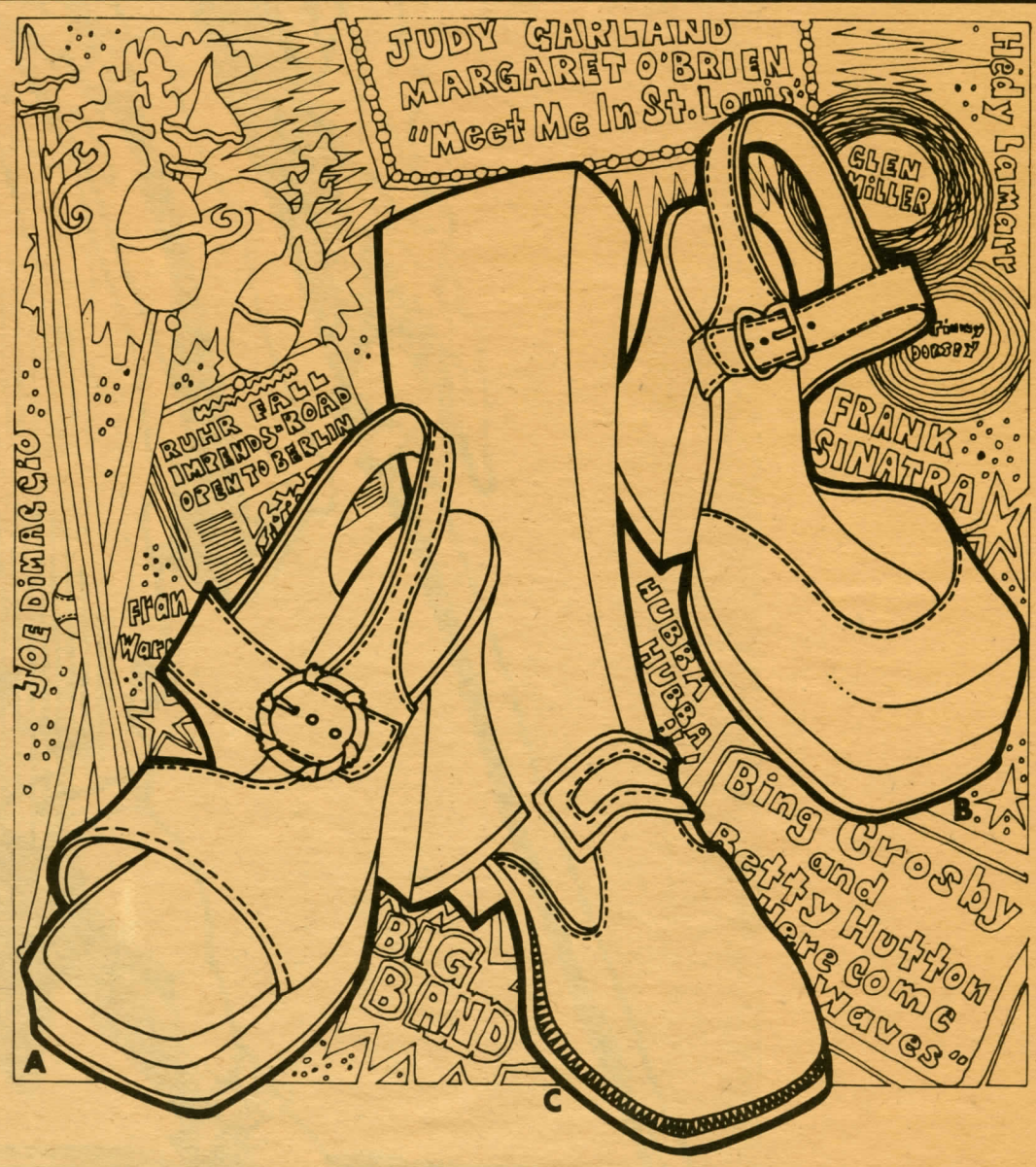
MINUTES AWAY

JUST DROP IN !

6348 Somerled

481-0828





WE'RE OPEN FOR SHOE-BIZ

A Kid Leathers
Yellow, pink,
green, mauve.
By Brayco
Only $16.99

B Bone Leather
Black Leather
Navy Leather
Black Krinkle
By Brayco
Only $16.99

C For He,
Tan Leather
Burgundy Patent
Only $34.99

the Villager shoe shoppes

Open Thursday and Friday Nites - C.O.D. orders accepied - Credit and Chargex Cards honored

- **5218 Queen Mary Rd.**
- **Place Victoria**
- **1478 Peel St.**
- **Les Galeries d'Anjou**
- **Fairview Shopping Centre**
- **110 Sparks St. Mall (Ottawa)**

LUTHER at Centaur

At first glance, the title of the play is enough to dissuade you from going. Most of us know about the life of Luther, and historical plays (and movies) are usually super-pretentious and intellectually (or artistically) unsatisfying.

Once you've witnessed John Osborne's LUTHER you realize that things of the same genre are not necessarily the same.

Osborne's play describes the intellectual evolution of this individual, through the utilisation of certain highlights in his life (his entry into the Augustinian order, the affixing of his 96 theses to the door of Wittenburg Castle, his appearance before the Diet of Worms, and his marriage to an ex-nun). Luther evolves from a frightened and insecure young man at the time of his acceptance into the cloister at Erfort, to a committed and self-assured theologian on his appearance before the Diet of Worms, to an embittered and disillusioned individual at the time of his marriage. Throughout, Luther is protrayed as the complete intellectual. It is his desire and ability to approach things in a rational and analytic fashion which enables him to successfully challenge the Church, and eventually pits him against the peasants.

Besides the fascinating portrayal of the intellectual development of Luther, there are a number of other interesting aspects to the play. First, there are many subtle parallels to the present, but they are not so blatantly overt that the plot itself becomes of secondary importance.

Secondly, the rhetoric which Osborne has Luther employ is very coarse and rustic. This takes one aback at first until one realizes that Luther came from a mining family, and quite possibly could have spoken in that style. Osborne's use of language is extremely colourful, and the play is fraught with vivid verbal imagery.

The principals in this particular production, at the Centaur Theatre until April 26, are excellent. Alan Scarfe, who was brought in from Vancouver to play the lead, is one of the most talented actors Montreal has seen this year. He has a powerful and flexible voice, and has a very expressive face. Budd Knapp, as John Staupitz, was a perfect foil for Scarfe in those scenes where they indulged in theological discussion. Guy L'Ecuyer was convincing as the coarse father, disappointed in his son's choice of the church over law. (L'Ecuyer speaks English with a French Canadian accent, a most interesting and perhaps profound innovation) Maurice Podbrey was perfect as a 16th century Ralph Williams, peddling indulgences instead of cars. Maxwell Jackson adequately portrayed the patronizing and condescending Papal legate. Brian Stavechny, as the Knight, provided a certain continuity to the play by introducing each scene, and effectively demonstrated the peasants' disallusionment with Luther when he refused to support them.

The sets, and lighting effects, by Aristides Gazetas, are the most elaborate and effective yet at the Centaur. I would not have thought it possible to successfully create an interchangeable set. The theatre itself is the converted trading floor of the old Montreal Stock Exchange. It is an oblong room, with galleries at each side, and has a ceiling about twenty or thirty feet high. If a set is too interchangeable (mobile), then it must be manually rather than mechanically operated. The simple but functional sets in this production were moved about by efficient and inobstrusive stagehands. The lighting was varied, and effectively operated.

Each scene was introduced through a combination of speech (by the Knight), projection of slides, and taped music. Unfortunately, this particular aspect of the production was not as effective as it aspired to be. The slides were unrecognizable due to the fact that they were projected onto what seemed to be sheets of aluminum with 1 X 2s at every four or five feet. The sound effects were indistinguishable as the tapes were garbled and the speakers twenty-five feet above the audience.



Alan Scarfe, the lead in LUTHER at the Centaur Theatre until April 26.

The program did not mention who was responsible for the make-up. It was outstanding, particularly in Act I, Scene III when Luther really did appear pale and sick, and in Act 3, Scene II where blood stains and dirt were effectively applied to the Knight.

There is not much more I can write about this production except that it should not be missed. It's both educative and entertaining, and competently done.

David Magil

Spring Fever: A Sheer Delight

The Loyola Choral Society presented a light-hearted look at musical history entitled "Spring Fever" last Friday night that proved to be a sheer delight.

The music provided dated from 1820 to nineteen sixties, and exploited the versatile talents of the thrity nine singers. This included scores by Bach, Mozart, Monteverdi, Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, and Chopin. Set, aginst the accompaniment of Willa Meyers, and under the direction of Jean Sult, the group produced a fine harmony that provided an entertaining evening for all. This was the result of a year's work, and obviously worthwhile; the L.C.S. was totally congruous in their various arrangements and very very talented. The Loyola Clarinet Quartet proved to be less of a success, perhaps because of the pieces chosen which didn't quite do justice to the players. However, I'd like to mention that Father Browne's beaming smile after the performance saved whatever there was to be saved. The Loyola Madrigal Singers were also a fine combination of voices, singing Hindemith and Morley.

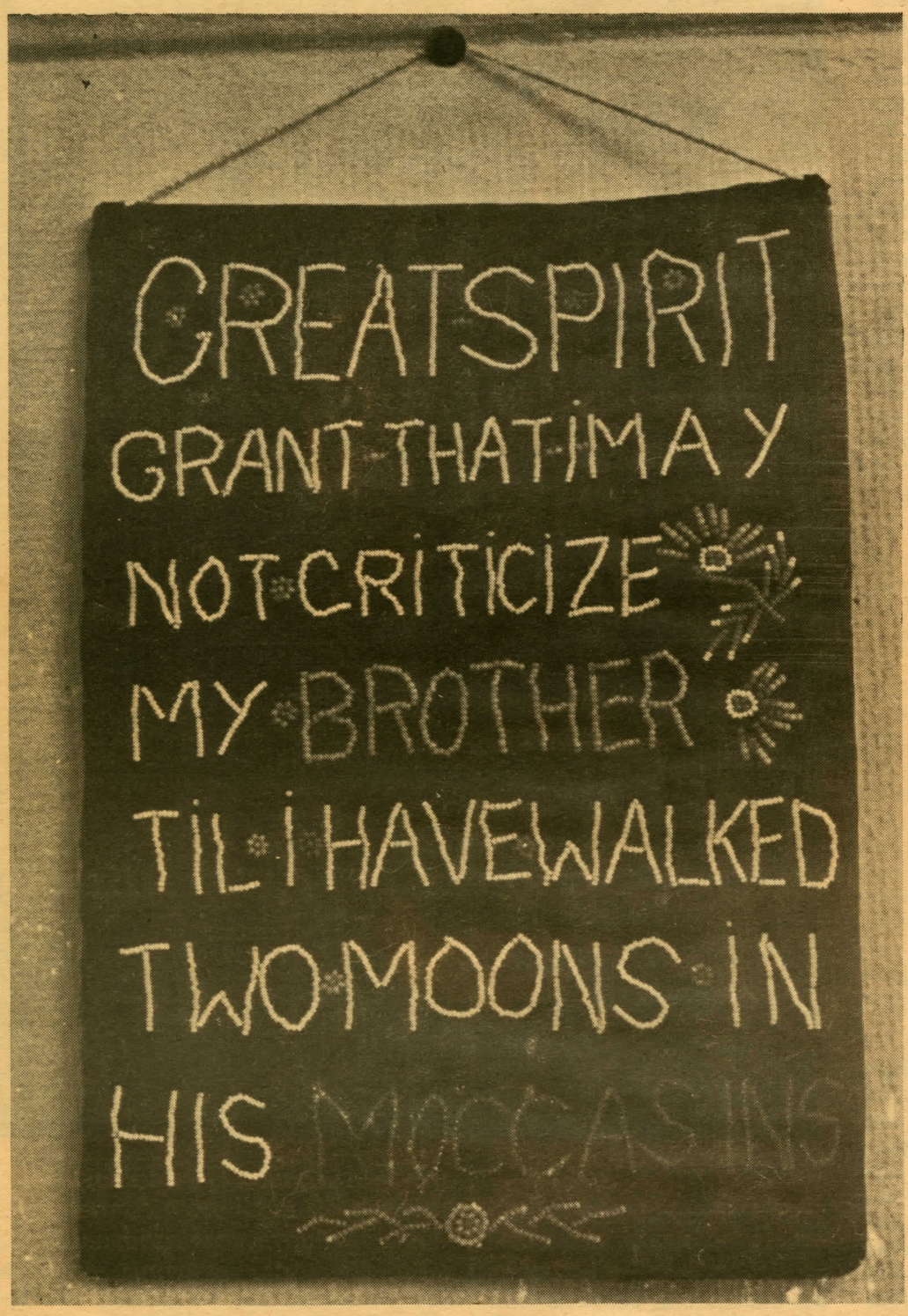
Then there was the Loyola Modern Dance Ensemble, whose debut was perhaps the best part of the whole concert. The music was superb, ans so was the dancing. Claudia Marquis' solo displayed a professional ability with the movements and a keen sense of rythmn. But, again, they tried out a different approach as the entire ensemble moved to the spoken quotations of Dag Hammarskojld, and unfortunately I don't think it came off as well as it could have, due probably to the ineffective reading.

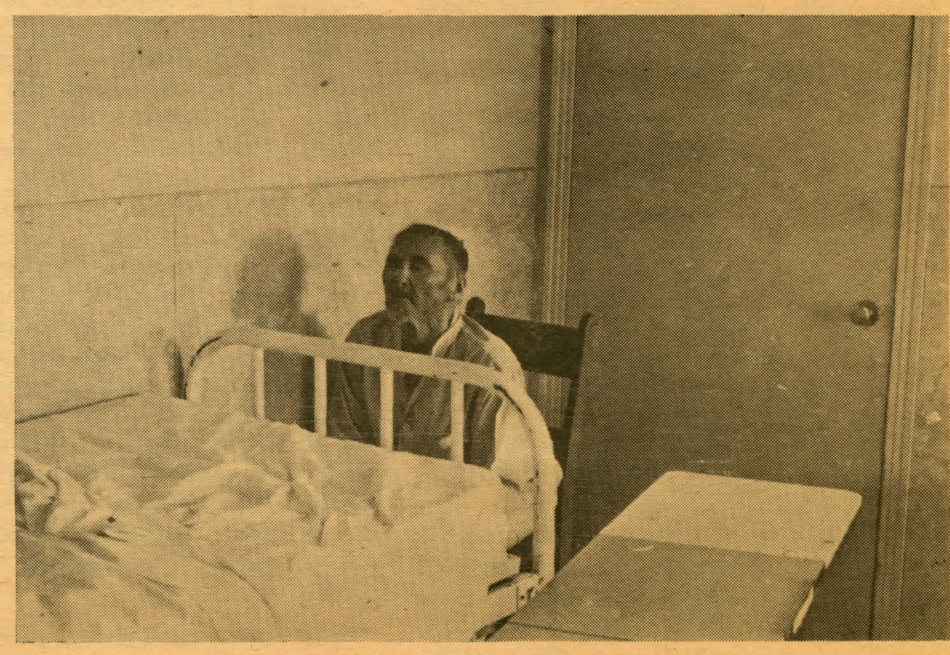
At times, with hilarious interpretations of classical numbers, the Choral Society did indeed present a lighthearted side to that aspect of sound. And a word on Maxim Mazumdar, who narrated with wit and fantastic projection. He proved to be an easy-going host, and carried the whole show along very well.

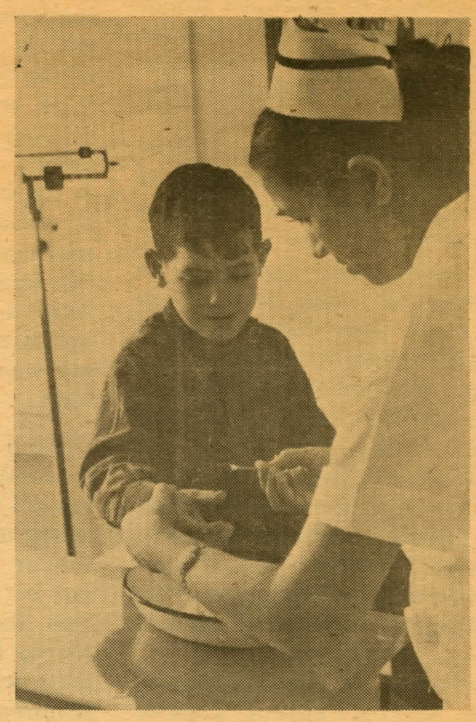
All in all it was an entertaining evening, and a pleasant surprise to discover real talent on the campus.

Eileen Shea

This is Kateri







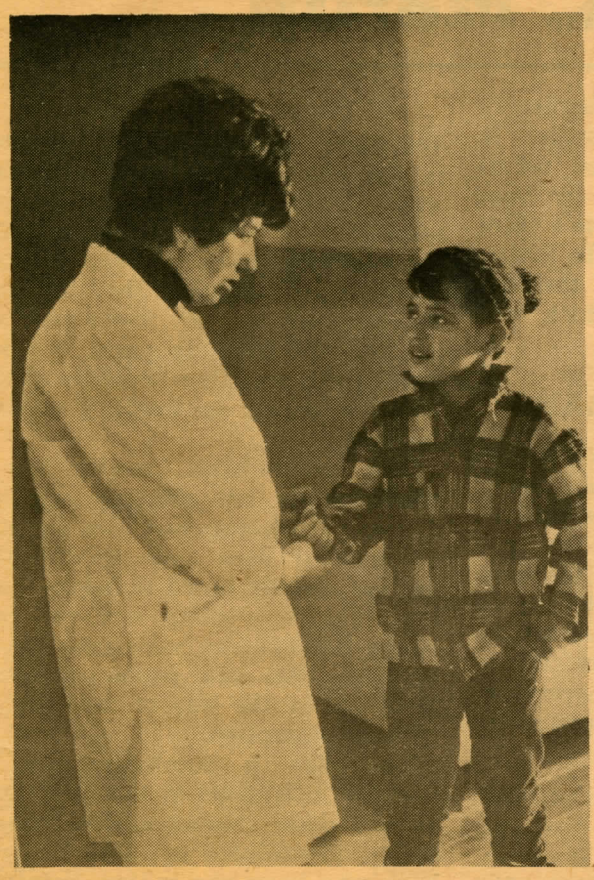
by Terry Szlamp

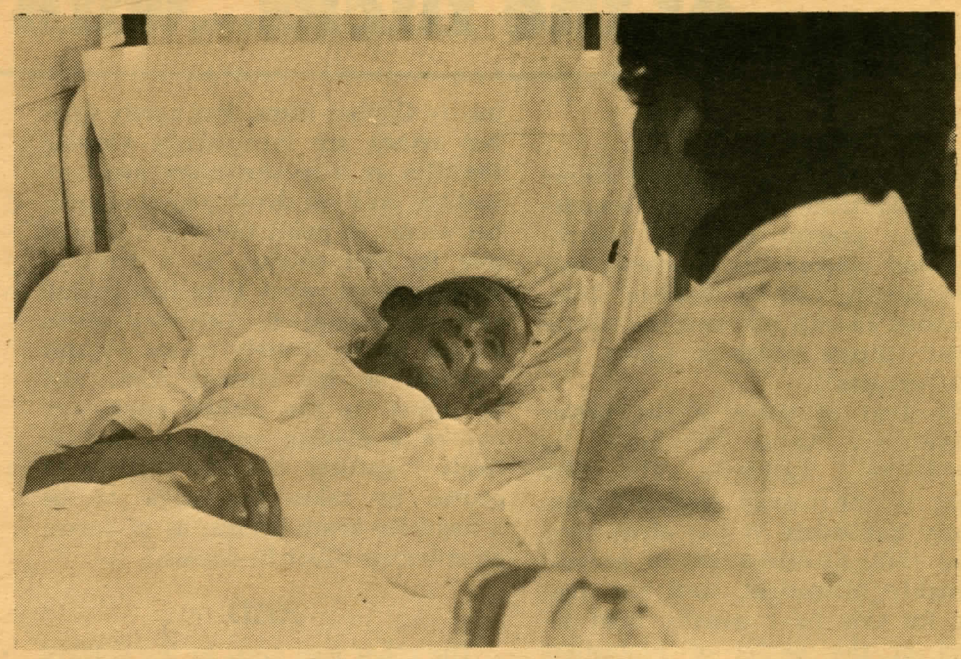
Kateri Hospital, on the Caughnawaga Reservation, is a very imposing sight indeed. It stands proudly with its broken window panes and fire-escape-like balconies and stairways - daring anyone to bring it to its knees and bury it in the cemetery of lost causes where the brave dead are gone. Kateri's corridors are only 2 1/2 feet wide. One cannot walk too fast since the floors slope at various angles, sometimes dangerous to the newcomer as well as the veteran. The only elevator is for freight. A button must be pressed continuously for the elevator to function at all. This quaint machine will soon be out of operation, by order of the government, if $900.00 cannot be raised to install an extra safety gate. It is very warm inside the hospital, but the heat cannot be controlled, so sometimes the temperature becomes oppressive and unbearable.

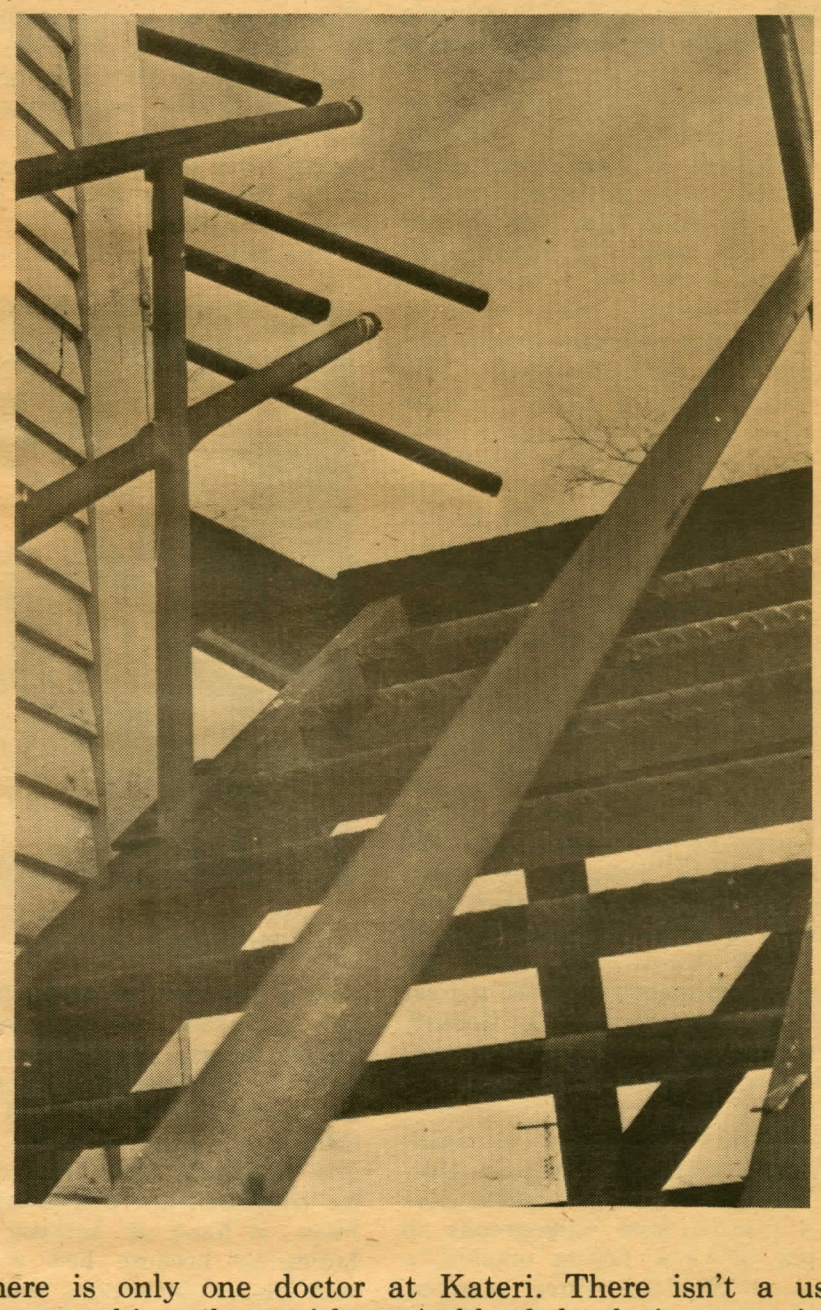
The staff, at present, numbers forty. The House Physician and only doctor keeps a seven-day work week. Doctor Williams is constantly on call for the reservation as well. Seven registered nurses help to ease his work load as much as they can. Three second-year medical students from McGill University, who also work at the Point St. Charles Clinic, try to alleviate the conditions at Kateri. They live in residence, but pay their own room and board. Two high school volunteers work on week-ends at .75/hour. They commute from Lachine and Chateauguay.

The hospital handles a few chronic cases, cardiac conditions, and diabetics. Contrary to reports compiled by the government, diabetes and **not** tuberculosis is the most prevalent disease on this reservation. "But even though diabetes is the most common disease at Caughnawaga," said Mrs. June Delisle, Executive Director of the hospital, no one has bothered to find out why." That seems to include the government. If they know so little about the state of health of Indians on the reservation, how much do they really know about other phases of Indian life?

They could do their own X-Rays - if their X-Ray machine had not been declared obsolete. Now the X-Ray room is being used to store mattresses, soft drink bottles and other such miscellaneous items. The hospital could also treat Caughnawaga's mothers-to-be - if it had a blood bank and an anaesthetist. The delivery room now houses bandages and adhesive tape. The only occupant of the Nursery is a Hallowe'en doll some









photos

Steve

Thibault

Girl Guides had donated to the tiny tots of Kateri last October. The labour room and the recovery room are deserted, but the sun shines in trying so very hard to make them look even remotely cozy. A small bathroom has been converted into a laboratory where one can hardly move without knocking over a bottle or container first.

The patients are probably better fed at Kateri Hospital than are their counterparts at larger hospitals in the city. The kitchen is very clean. The linen and equipment couldn't be cleaner. No patient at Kateri is just an obscure body with a name attached to it. At Kateri they are more than patients - they are friends with each other and with the staff. This warm rapport is evident after a few minutes in the wards speaking to these people. A ninety-three year old gentleman celebrated his birthday just a few days ago. The staff and patients prepared a cake with candles and had a party for him. A little earlier, this fellow had been on his feet shovelling snow in the driveway. All except two of the patients are Mohawk Indians. The other two are French Canadian.

Little Matty Splicer is a very punctual out-patient, as are the other children on the reservation. Most children (caucasian) come to hospitals accompanied by adults, usually their parents. Matty came by himself. He has faith in the people at Kateri, because he knows that they care about him and the thumb he was having redressed. Seven children were nipped by a raccoon. To explain the situation to Dr. Williams, they brought the little culprit to the hospital. To their disappointment. The animal escaped when they entered the hospital. The Indians have faith in the hospital, but a hospital cannot survive on faith alone.

There is only one doctor at Kateri. There isn't a usable X-Ray machine there either. A blood bank is non-existent. An anaesthetist hasn't graced the halls of Kateri for a long time. A safety gate for the elevator is too costly and hence, unattainable. The heating system is defunct.

The Indian people are a proud race. Theirs is a rich culture. It is one not easily stifled by those who would like to assimilate this nation and thus snuff out the light of its existence. The Indian must know himself and what he is before he can give to any other society. Like the hospital, that nation is in need of repairs. But these must be made by the Indian with or without the aid of caucasians or that of other races.

The people of Caughnawaga are being deprived of the help and health that could so easily be theirs, if only other people cared enough. The hospital staff can do only so much without the necessary equipment and money.

The Kateri Hospital is slowly being suffocated because of its inadequacy and impending uselessness. If no one helps it to stand up and function as a healthy institution.

At the flicks...with Robert K. Martin

Q-BEC, MY LOVE

Two Québec films currently showing in Montreal very nicely demonstrate the present state of French-Canadian cinema, its problems and potentialities, and its essential duality about its own role and the nature of the culture which it serves (reflects?-creates?)

The first of these is the better of the two, "Q-bec My Love" by Jean-Pierre Lefebvre. The film seems to me totally and self-consciously **québécois**. It has often been noted that American art in general is highly allegorical, and the reasons for this have usually been located in the model of Protestant religious literature. Such a view would seem to need some kind of revision after seeing Lefebvre's film, which is an allegory or **conte morale**.

The heroine, Q-bec (pronounced cul-bec), works for Peter Ottawa, sells her body to Sam Washington, and sleeps with Jean-Baptiste Bilingue. The whole film is structured around the basic sex-politics syndrome, in which sex is always politics and politics always sex. Yet Lefebvre's film is highly moral and in fact even rather Puritanical. He has explained in a recent interview that his film is meant as a kind of response to the wave of pornographic films which he sees as being specially current in Quebec. In this film Lefebvre makes use of the spectator's pornographic expectations, and uses apparently pornographic scenes, but all for a curiously non-pornographic purpose.

Although I find the level of political symbolism rather basic, there are some very effective visual images, among them the mirror placed strategically in the cunt to reflect the spectator to himself, and the phallic-military imagery associated with the United States, which culminates in Q-bec's giving birth to an atomic bomb. The scenes are handled episodically and owe a great deal, it seems to me, to Godard. There are voices off and considerable use of rather self-conscious texts.

The film's conclusion is meant to be an indictment of current Québec culture; a rather romantic plea for a turning from pornography to a view of snow falling outside, a frame which lasts three minutes. It seemed to me to be a kind of indictment of cinema and art as well, since all art seems to me illusion and manipulation; but Lefebvre assures me that he didn't mean that - he only wanted to attack a certain form of art. Well, I leave it to him to draw the line; I myself find it somewhat difficult.

Aside from the fact that Lefebvre is simply a very talented film-maker his film is interesting as a representative of one path that seems to be open to the cinema in Québec. That path would seem to imply to creation of particularly Québec films about Québec preoccupations. The danger of such a decision seems to me, aesthetically, to be one of hermeticism, leaving aside any questions of the potential market for purely Québec films. But surely Québec artists are increasingly viewing the film as a revolutionary medium, and the political development of Québec seems to point towards a greater rôle for the cinema as a form of manipulation, what they like to call cultural animation. Lefebvre seems to me to be acutely aware of this problem in his current film, and he offers us the rather weak way out of a cinema which simply reflects natural beauty. (Unless of course he takes the snow to be a negative death image, as in Joyce; an intention which he denies.)

RED

The other way open to the Québec film-maker would seem to be that of making films American-style. This seems to be the path chosen by Gilles Carle in his film "Red". The film has obviously been shot on a relatively large budget, and a good many of its conceptions, both artistic and philosophical, come out of the US (along with the funds to make the picture.)

The film would like to be a very serious treatment of the Indian problem in Québec, but this never quite comes across. Partly this is the fault of the scenario, which gets its sociology mixed up with its psychology, so that we never know if Red (Réginald MacKenzie, try that for triculuralism), played by Daniel Pilon, is hung up because he's an Indian or because he's a bastard and has an incestuous thing about his sister.

There are a number of rather spectacular scenes in the best Hollywood tradition, including a 1970's Western with a great chase in big cars around Caughnawaugha. But these elements of the film often seem to me derivative - with several rather Hickcockian scenes, a general interpretation that is reminiscent of Midnight Cowboy, and all the usual quotient of violence. In the end, in fact, red, which has functioned throughout the film as a symbol of the Indian, becomes a symbol of violence and blood.

It may be possible to consider the film as a kind of allegory about Québec - the bastard son which turns violent in an attempt to be loved - but I'm not sure if Carle intended that interpretation. But whether or not its theme is one peculiar to Québec, its whole essence seems to me American, inspired by both films and television. Carle's film is entertainment, despite its faults, and I suspect that it is the one rather than Lefebvre's, which will be "Un succès commercial".



Genevieve Bujold, as Anne Boleyn, and Richard Burton, as Henry XIII, in ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS.

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

It had to happen. After "Sister George" and "The Staircase," what was left but "The Boys in the Band?" What was once restricted to the balcony and the men's room has now come out into the open, and there it is, on the screen of your favourite neighbourhood movie theatre. It's a gay birthday party, as everyone knows by now, and you're invited to come and take part in the fun.

Unfortunately "The Boys in the Band" is a bad film. That does not mean that it was a bad play. It wasn't In fact, it was actually a fairly decent play, with reasonable development of character and rather effective dialogue. But what works on stage doesn't necessarily work on the screen.

The situation is the by-now classic one of what I like to call the Huis-Clos syndrome - everybody trapped in one room (highly symbolic, you see of their own personal fates - caught in the hells of their own making, etc.) One keeps wanting to know what makes these people stay there - but there are two ready answers to that one - first of all, the play wouldn't work if they didn't, and second, they actually kind of like it. (After all, it is warm in hell, and there are those other people, even if you do hate them.)

The unfortunate thing about the film is that the director, William Friedkin, felt himself bound to stick strictly to the play and to furnish essentially nothing more than a filmed version of a play. He has indeed been faithful to this mission, but has done a good deal of damage to theplay in the process. It's not so much that Friedkin is a bad director (after all, "The Night They Raided Minsky's" was quite a pleasant film), as that he is a director totally without imagination or courage.

One of the things that one realizes when one sees a film like this is the changed nature of language when it is no longer spoken on stage but is filmed. Speeches that are relatively theatrical become pompous, especially when they are not accompanied by any movement or gesture. We listen to plays, but we watch films, and thus language which seems arbitrary in hardly bearable in a film.

The author, Matt Crowley, has a good ear. He has gathered together dialogue which sings very true, although much of it does seem as thought we had already heard it before - all that late show camp and gay bar bitchy humour can sometimes get a bit tiring. But what seems principally to get in the way of the play is its basic conception.

The play is autobiographical - Crowley is Michael in the play, and all the other characters are friends of his, identifiable to those in New York who know the milieu. Friedkin has even said that he himself knows the originals for these characters and was influenced by this in his direction. This closeness to the play seems to me a very great handicap. Neither the writer, Crowley, nor the director, Friedkin, seems to me able to get any perspective on what he is doing.

It is not only that they makes the error of confusing people and characters. More importantly the play always verges on the sentimental and hackneyed. It would seem like a very conventional and middle-class drama indeed if its subject were not homosexuality. It is that fact that the producers have counted on to attract audiences and sell tickets. It's just what the audience wants - nice safe, tame scandal.

The film is apparently dedicated to that daring and revolutionary concept that homosexuals are after all human beings. Well, I'm sure glad they cleared that up for me - I had been worrying about that question for a while now, but it's nice to go to the movies and watch all those queers (excuse me, homosexuals!) act kindof funny and, you know, just like us humans. Not one single character who accepts his homosexuality, but eight (or is it nine - that's never cleared up beyond the realm of somebody's fantasy world) homosexuals wallowing in self-pity, hating themselves and their lives, and always hoping they will wake up one day and find themselves different. The solutions are varied, but they include large quantities of drinks, considerable sex, much make-up and cosmetics, and even a touch of psychoanalysis.

But in the end the play, and the film like it, is a heterosexual's view of a homosexual world, viewed with humour, with pathos, with condescension, and above all with liberal UNDERSTANDING. The fact that the author is a homosexual does not change this last sentence; it is merely a reflection of the world in which the characters of this film live: a heteroxual world which they have accepted and with which they flagellate themselves daily.

Carnivals - A Super-Hype

Every February, when the academic grind seems to reach its frenzied peak, the student association of each of the English speaking universities in Montreal plans a week of festivities appropriately called "Carnival". The time has come for a serious reassessment of this antiquated, puesdo-spectacular event that has plagued our campuses for so long.

The initial enactment of this yearly disaster takes place largely due to the efforts, encouragement and money of the student councils of McGill, SGWU and Loyola. Each of those three colleges have approximately $25,000 to spend on their respective carnivals, the money all being dropped into the laps of a small group of students who call themselves the "Carnival Committee". It is up to these individuals to dispense with the bread as they see fit.

The minor activities constitute a insignificant slice into the alloted sum. Such events a car-rallies, small dances, and ski-days require a minimum of funds (as well as a minimum of participation). They all exist within the authentic tradition of a carnival; they give the student a chance to escape from school for a while, at the same time costing him as little as possible. As such, they can not be faulted.

However, there is one night during each respective week that manages to eat up the rest of the carnival budgets – "Concert Night". – the BIG night with the BIG acts that cost BIG money and supposédly brings in the BIG crowds and inevitably results in a HUGE deficit.

Needless to say, with all the money ($15,000 - 20,000) each carnival had to spend the lineup was impressive. Loyola planned to headline the Rascals, SGWU had The Chambers Brothers with Lighthouse as backup, and McGill arranged for Sly and The Family Stone. The shows all took place at one week intervals.

Loyola and SGWU both died of the same disease. Their shows took place in Place des Arts (with a seating capacity of 3400), so in order to pay the acts, they had to promote two shows in the same evening. McGill decided to place their show in the Forum, but unfortunately Sly never showed up for the gig. Loyola is now $10,000 in debt and McGill and SGWU fared no better.

Contemplate some statistics - Loyola needed to sell 4500 seats to break even; student enrollment here is 5000. Thus there was aheavy reliance on outside sales. But the audience outside the college had two other shows to save their money for. The high-school market became the focus of competitive advertising between the three universities and consequently, everybody lost.

There is, however, a viable alternative. To begin with, entrusting $20,000 to inexperianced college students under the facade of a "Carnival Committee" is sheer irresponsibility. Also, the concept of three different groups selling three different shows in three consecutive weeks is lunacy and an in concievable financial enterprise.

In order to prevent a reoccurence of this fiasco, certain steps must be taken. To begin with, the Carnival Committees of each college should relinquish responsibility for the major concert while retaining the operation of all the minor events. Then all the money alloted for the concert should be pooled, making a lup sum of some $50,000 - $60,000. This money should be taken to a professional impressario who would find out the various acts that could be obtained for that amount. Then an arbitrary board of students (with a definite working knowledge of rock music) from all three colleges would scrutinize the list and pick two or three or even four major, professional and popular acts. The list would then be taken back to the impressario who would handle the booking and promotion. There would then be one BIG concert for everybody, with possibly two shows in the one night. Thus the student associations wouldn't get burned, the students would only have one concert to spend their money on and would be able to give it their full patronage.

Maybe this is a good idea if only to bring us all together.

ANGUS MACKAY



The Rascals... "irresponsibility, lunacy and an inconcievable financial enterprise".

Flicks (cont'd)

Due to the fact that some astute journalist (whom I shall allow to remain anonymous) calculated that twenty-eight inches of text plus one photo is sufficient for one page, the following abbreviated movie reviews come to you from deep within the bowels of Journal Offset Inc.

David Magil

ANNE OF A THOUSAND DAYS

Despite the fact this is a wide-screen, elaborately costumed movie, it really isn't too pretentious or boring.

Based on Maxwell Anderson's 1948 play, it relates the development of the tempestuous relationship of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. Superb performances are delivered by John Colicos, as the cruel and conniving Cromwell, and Irene Papas, as the sullen and rejected Catherine of Aragon. Richard Burton is at best unconvincing as Henry and Genevieve Bujold, though brilliant in parts, provides an uncertain development to the character of Anne.

However, individual confrontations between Burton and Bujold, or Papas, or Colicos, are worth the price of admission. Direction by Wallis, is uneven and ambigous, and the photography breathtaking.

M.A.S.H.

Those individuals making the movie version of Catch-22 are taking almost as long to produce a completed product as the author of the original took to compose it. As a result, they have been beaten to the punch.

M.A.S.H. (standing for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital) provides much of the same type of insane humour and unbelievable characters as Catch-22 and has the added advantage of being completely original.

Madcap scenes evolve so rapidly that it takes a supreme effort for one to avoir falling out of his seat. There is also a P.A. system at the camp, the announcements emanating from which provide even more hilarity.

Instead of one Yossarian, there are two, Donald Sutherland and Elliot Gould. Both play their parts with such a great amount of cool that it is surprising to note that they remain competent physicians throughout.

This is not a movie which can suffer any type of review. It has to be seen to be believed and appreciated.

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY WAS HERE

A fascinating film on a number of counts.

First, it is the first movie directed by Abraham Polansky since he was blacklisted during the MacCarthy era for his "Communist" affiliations. Polansky is an extremely talented director as one can see from the gripping way in which the film developed.

Secondly, "Willie Boy" is factually accurate. Polansky based his film on the story of how a young Indian man shot his girl-friends father and ran away with her (perfectly legal according to Indian custom) but unfortunately did so at a time when President Taft was touring the area, his accompanying troop of journalists were hungry for copy, and national paranoia was at an all time high due to the relatively recent assasination of Mckinley. Thus Willie found himself the object of an intense chase, and fled across five hundred miles in a space of three days, in the process killing the girl, before being cornered and allowing himself to be killed on Ruby Mountain.

The acting in this movie is of secondary importance to the action and thus undistinguished performances are rendered by Robert Redford, Katherine Ross, and Susan Clark. A convincing and compelling performance is delivered by Robert Blake, as Willie.

The best parts of the movie are the chase scenes and the bleached-out photography.

TWO BIT PREVIEWS ... TWO BIT PREVIEWS

ROCK

LED ZEPPELIN

Montreal Forum
Monday, April 13, 8:00 PM.
Tickets are $3.50, $4.50, $5.50, $6.50.

Led by the brilliance of lead guitarist, Jimmy Page, Led Zeppelin have evolved into the most exciting act in rock today. The other members of the group include John Bonham on drums, John Paul Jones as bassist and organist, and finally, Robert Plant as lead vocalist.

RAY CHARLES

Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, PdA
April 21 & 22

THEATRE

SURVIVORS/SURVIVANTS

Saidye Bronfman Centre
April 25, 8:30 PM
Tickets are $2.00

Survivors/Survivants is an original one-act Canadian play performed in both French and English. Robert Tembeck, a teacher at SBC's Institute of Theatre Arts is the author and director. A taut, provocative 75 minute work which the author calls "theatron", is simply staged, using a cast of nine to portray in work, song, and ballet, the horrors of war, the pleasures of love and the death-walk of Hiroshima's bomb victims.

SAIDYE BRONFMAN CENTRE

ON Tuesday, April 7, there will be a quintet reading of the poetry of Pulitzer Prize winner Nelly Sachs, featuring Alan Mills.

The next play to be presented will be "Entertaining Mr. Sloan." Look at your favorite local rag for further details. For further information, phone 737-6551, ext. 85.

CENTAUR THEATRE COMPANY

Until April 26, LUTHER starring Alan Scarfe.

From April 29 to May 24, THE GREAT WHITE COMPUTER by Peter Desbarets, "A dramatic treatment of events and issues that surround the destruction of the computer at Sir George Williams last year."

From May 27 to June 21, a double bill of MISS JULIE by August Strindberg and an original musical to be announced.

For further information and reservations, phone 288-6315.

CLASSICAL

MONTREAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The last Gala Concert of the year will take place April 7. Nelson Friere will be the featured soloist in Saint-Saens' concerto No2 for piano. Other works to be performed include Somers "Lyric for Orchestra" and R. Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

The final Grand Concerts will be performed April 14, 15. Works to be "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune", by Debussy, and Simphony No 6 "Tragic", by Mahler.

During the summer, there is a chance the M.S.O. might be able to perform a series of Pop Concerts, much along the lines of last summer.

Next year promises to be an exciting one. The Gala Concerts will be performed on two nights instead of one. Student tickets will be available for both series at an average cost of about $1.75 per ticket, these seats being all in the parterre of the Salle Wilfred Pelletier.



Guy Latraverse presents the genius of Ray Charles at Salle Wilfrid Pelletier April 21 &22.



Donald K. Donald Productions presents Led Zeppelin in concert at the Montreal Forum, April 13 at 8:00 pm.

As for the content of the program next year, the following will be the highlights. In celebration of the bicentenary of Beethoven's birth, the Beethoven cycle which began this year, will be completed, featuring the Toronto Symphyny in the "Eroica" and Symphony No 8, Emil Gilels in piano concertos Nos 3 and 4, and Serge Baudo in the "Emperor" concerto. Also appearing with the orchestra will be such reknowneds as The Swingle Singers, Jon Vickers, Pina Carmerilli, Phillipe Entremont, Zubin Mehta, Itzhak Perlman, and Vladimir Ashkenazy.

For further information, phone 844-2867. For student subscriptions, contact Mr Doug Leapold at the same number.

MCGILL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

You may have noticed that no McGill Chamber Orchestra Concerts were reviewed in AGAPE this year. The reason is simply that they refused to provide us with tickets to do so. After receiving the royal runaround while attempting to receive passes, we were informed that "we don't care about students, our series is doing well enough as it is."

In recent weeks, the McGill Chamber Orchestra has informed the media that for the next season, they are moving from the Théatre Port-Royal to the Bigger Théatre Maisonneuve.

Considering the fact that they "don't care about students," we urge you to act accordingly.

THANK FROM ANGUS

If you are planning to spend all your money on rock show in the month of April, save a bit. Donald K⅝, Donald is holding a one day festival in the Forum May 9 acts to be disclosed later. On April 28 is Cherubosco Live In. This tiny community is located 65 miles south of Montreal and will be the sight of a three day rock festival. A filthy rich New Yorker has bought 1000 acres of land and so far, has signed up **Crosby Stills Nash and Young, Sly and The Family Stone, Canned Heat, B.B. and Albert King** and about 50 other acts - $20 for the whole weekend.

Add to that the acts appearing at Man and His World including Feliciano, B.B. King etc.

This year has been the birth of Agape. It would have been virtually impossible without the help we received from the entertainment industry in Montreal. Special thanks go out to Don Tarlton, Sam Gesser, and Steve Propas for their ever-present enthousiasm and tickets.

Our "Up Your Guitar String Award" goes to the fine people at Latraverse Assoc. who still don't know we exist.

Bye and thanks to all who contributed through the year. The list is endless, but you know who you are. Next year will hopefully see the continuation of Agape in the same mad, frantic and totally enjoyable manner as this year.

THANX FROM DAVID

They said it couldn't be done, but, thanks to grace of god and co-operative impressarios, we did it. Twenty issues of AGAPE. Nyah, nyah, Bob Warren. Seriously though folks, in spite of long arduous hours of work, scant recognition, a mad staff (when we had one), and hassles from the parents, - it may have been worth it. If you've faithfully read AGAPE and liked it, then its up to you to ensure that it continues. I'm off to greener pastures (Carleton???) and so is Gus. If you want to work on AGAPE next year, please contact Ken Whittingham at either 482-5580 or 482-2510. My most sincere thanks to all impressarios for the support they have provided us during the year, but especially to Gina Roitman, who even supplied us with ads, and to René Laporte, Doug Leapold, Judy Cutler, Delphine Matthew, and Mariette Major. Good luck to all. Thirty.

Gus

David